

Southern people prepared—are they preparing to surrender their past—to surrender the “old South,” as it stands in the truth of history, and to accept a “new South” that shall deny, or adulterate, or mutilate it?

From the mere fact of your appointment, gentlemen of the committee, I understand that the Young Men’s Library Association of Atlanta has decided that question in the negative, and I cheer myself with the belief, that if the power were vouchsafed them, they would announce their decision to the world in the purifying thunders of heaven! That as patriots, nay, more, far, far more! as subjects of the God whose “word is truth,” they will never play traitors to that by recognizing themselves to be the conquered and the craven subjects of a lie; immaterial in what aspect of its myriad phases it may be pleased to present itself—that their march “Zionward” will not be in line right dressed—“eyes right” upon the hard profile of the Yankee confiscator! That, if they are to “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift,” or office, or fame, may follow fawning, they will kneel to a cleaner master than that!

Had some professor of telescopic vision directed his eye to the Wanderer upon the “middle passage,” what of the South would he have discovered about or upon her? Made by Northern hands with Northern wood; fitted out, as we shall hereafter see, for the west coast, in one, and cleared from another Northern port; of the five men upon her, in addition to her wretched cargo of Africans, four were Northerners, headed by J. Egbert Farnum, sometimes known as head sailsman, sometimes as purser, but finally coming out—as we shall hereafter see—in his true character as captain. All of the South in and about her was Corrie; Corrie so well known in Charleston; the veriest figure-head in all the world. Four of these men were al-